

**ARGUS**  
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**MONDAY, JULY 12, 1920.**  
 The Argus of Monday, July 12, 1920, is published at the office of the publisher, J. W. Potter, Jr., 1000 North Main Street, St. Paul, Minn., at the rate of five cents per copy.

**No Backward Step.**  
 To give assent to the substitution of the new man cars for the splendid equipment to which the people have become accustomed, would be to set the street railway accommodations of this community back 25 years. It would take another 25 years to put the service back where it is today, and would require as long a time for those in any way accountable for the retrogression to outlive the responsibility for tolerating such a deed. The only people who are at all enthusiastic about such a transformation are those interested in the profits of the company, who seek to cut the wheels in two, and the manufacturers of the equipment with which it is sought to replace that now in use.

The street car system of the three cities has always been a source of public pride, because it has been maintained at a metropolitan standard, and if The Argus mistakes not, people are more interested in the character of the service, than they are in the amount of the fare. They do not object to the price of a ride if the company can show that an increase is justified. The fare, however, is subjected to regulation according to the prevailing circumstances, and just now when the cost of everything is soaring, it seems but natural that the transportation fee should rise somewhat. There was no general protest against the 7-cent fare, and there will be none if it mounts still higher. It is justified.

To substitute a dinky car as a means of returning to the nickel, would be but a temporary make-shift, and after all, perhaps but a subterfuge for there is no guarantee that the company would not sooner or later go before the public utilities commission and set up its claims for a further rise. Then we would be worse off than we are today.

Let's keep up the service, and make the company show it needs the extra pennies. If it can do so, well and good.

**Breaking It Gently.**

That transportation still is cheaper in proportion than other necessities of life is the contention of H. E. Byram, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. The average cost to the owner of moving 100 tons of freight one mile on his road in 1919 was 10 cents, which is less than a cent per ton mile. That was about the same as the average

A thousand-mile haul of a pound of sugar will be increased in cost from \$4.00 to \$4.04. On a 100-pound sack of flour the charge between Kansas City and Chicago, 541 miles, will be increased from \$2.10 to \$2.15. On coal the present rate per ton from northern Illinois mines to St. Paul, 600 miles, is \$2.15 and the increase will make it \$2.63.

A pair of shoes is now carried from Chicago to Seattle for \$1.333, and with the increase added the freight will amount to a trifle over 22 cents.

Drygoods will be transported from Chicago to Seattle for 5 cents per pound, where it now costs \$4.02.

A 100-pound piece of furniture is now hauled 500 miles for 40 cents, and with the proposed increase the charge will be 50 cents.

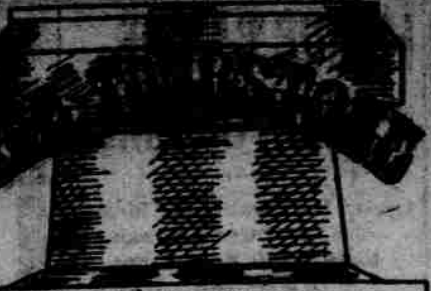
Mr. Byram makes out a very good case on paper. Item by item 25 per cent added to the freight rate does not look large. In the aggregate it will amount to a good deal. Anyhow it isn't likely that the public will be let off so easily. Transportation experts are now estimating that it will take a 60 per cent increase to bring the properties to a net income basis of 5 1/2 per cent and to pay the advance in wages that it is expected will soon be announced. If anyone thinks that will not put a nick in his current resources he had better guess again.

Perhaps General Peyton C. March really earned a distinguished service cross in 1898 leading a charge in the Philippines, but even so, after waiting so long for it and passing through the events of the intervening period it would have been better if he had denied himself the privilege of receiving it. Leading a charge against a mob of half armed jungle denizens doesn't loom up as big now as it did prior to 1914. Several million men, not a few of them Americans, have shown courage of a far higher order in the last six years. Not all of them have been or will be rewarded by any special designation. Even General March himself did vastly more as chief of staff during American participation in the World war to earn recognition than any possible service performed during the Philippine uprising. Giving him a medal now invites suspicion that he himself might have suggested it and certainly it cheapens the honors lately conferred upon those who unquestionably earned all they got and more.

Mr. McCurdy of the committee of 48 thought, no doubt, that he would get under somebody's hide when he referred to the two old parties as opposite wings of the same bird of prey. Probably he didn't stop to think that nine out of ten people would assume as a matter of course that he was referring to the eagle, or that some of them might go further and aver that a third party will be of about as much use to the country as a third wing to our national bird.

The senatorial investigation of campaign expenditures seems to have degenerated into a forum for the airing of senatorial peevishness.

Hearst is about to found the American party. Chicago or New York?



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, DULL CARE, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSE, BEWARE!

**THE SCOURGE OF MAN.**

Old am I as the span of Time.  
 Where'er I enter in  
 I am the whispering voice of crime.  
 The deadly lure to sin.  
 I come to rich and poor alike  
 And all the human race  
 Stand helpless when I choose to strike.  
 I am the Scourge of Man!

When man meets Death he finds succor  
 From earthly woe and strife;  
 When man meets me both joy and peace  
 Depart from out his life.  
 Never a wish has he fulfilled;  
 Never a cherished plan  
 But by my baleful Voice is killed.  
 I am the Scourge of Man.

Leech am I upon countless souls  
 That daily strive to gain  
 The sum of their mountain goals  
 But fall in vain of pain.  
 They journey on, the young, the old—  
 A hopeless caravan—  
 While I stand guard, relentless, cold.  
 I am the Scourge of Man.

Yes, Scourge am I to all mankind:  
 A Spirit gruesome, dark.  
 'Tis all—the lame, the halt, the blind—  
 I set my horrid mark.  
 I am the ghost of lives mispent:  
 Banish me if you can!  
 I am the Voice of Discontent—  
 I am the Scourge of Man!

THE Wanderer person, who is alleged (inconsiderate libel laws make the verb expedient) to have murdered his wife, is quoted as saying he "loved her too much to let another man get her. But I didn't want her myself." A striking parallel is Bryan's love for liquor.

**NEVER MIND: NEXT TIME ORDER A ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT.**

Sir: Going the way who still carries a cork-screw one better, I was even optimistic enough today in ordering a chicken sandwich at the corner luncheonette to expect to find some chicken in it. I'm looking for the bird who said "hope springs eternal in the human breast." I think he's responsible for such instances of fool optimism. O. D. K.

THE helpful Freeport Journal-Standard is much appreciated by Congressman W. B. McKinley. On July 7 it offers the information that Mr. McKinley "will arrive in Freeport next Monday, July 1, at 12:45, for a brief stop, and hopes to meet as many of our people as possible on that occasion."

POR president of the American Federation of Downtrodden Street Car Patrons we nominate Claude Shove of Palmyra, N. Y.

If You're Unsuccessful at the Elks' Convention, Go to Bushnell.

(From the Galesburg Republican-Register). It is quite a question in the minds of many of the residents of Bushnell, why so many of our young men go away from Bushnell, when there are so many fascinating young ladies in our city. Of course your correspondent does not say that all of these young friends of mine and of marriageable age are in the market for wedlock, but I do say that as far as beauty, and domestic work, and disposition are concerned the Bushnell girls have no peers.

QUITE soon, we hope, our vacation will begin. As a substitute for this Pillip of Facetiae—a substitute which will be really entertaining—we suggest this space be filled daily by the Bushnell correspondence taken from the Galesburg Republican-Register.

GOVERNOR Cox denies he is of English-German extraction, stating his parents were of English and Scotch descent. In either case the effect on the German-American vote may be disastrous, for, as one of them remarked during the recent altercation across the way: "The trouble with the damn kaiser is he's half English!" R. E. M'G.

**HEALTH TALKS**  
 BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.  
 EDITOR, CHIEF AND AUTHOR

**Antitoxin of a Baby—37**  
 Cholera Infantum.

I had just reached this question of cholera infantum in my last talk when the summer arrived. He gets to my house at 4:30 p. m. every day without fail, and when I hear him calling me I beat it for the day, 'cause my dad says he can't be professionally responsible for little boys who act like night hawks.

This cholera infantum is getting worse. It is considered bad form in intelligent, clean households. Father says a doctor encounters it nowadays chiefly among the unenlightened tenement dwellers and the immigrant people in our city slums and the ignorant rural population. Yes, father says the child and equalizer and physical and moral uncleanness a doctor sees in the country sometimes equals anything the meanest holes in the city can conceal. Physicians regularly meet with instances in which ignorant mothers living right on farms with cows' milk freely available deliberately discard this and substitute some wretched proprietary substitute merely because they imagine the chest food "agrees" or because they think it is easier to prepare for the baby. Thank goodness, though, we kids are receiving more consideration nowadays; father thinks that in another generation or two the science and art of taking care of babies may be even taught to potential mothers in our common schools, though right now there are not supposed to be any potential mothers going to school.

Fermentative diarrhea I explained in my last chapter. When it is unusually severe, or because gently treated at the outset as I explained, the baby is likely to become very weak, and then the condition is called "cholera infantum," because the aspect of the baby—sunken eyes, shriveled flesh and wrinkled skin (all form excessive loss of water)—resembles that of Asiatic cholera. Another term for it is alimentary intoxication. There are ten to twenty watery stools in the day, perhaps considerable mucus ("slime") at first, perhaps greenish at first (though the greenish color is insignificant in any case), the baby becomes prostrated, dull of mind, the breathing deep and sighing, the body temperature falls below normal, though at first there is usually fever.

Prevention. The prevention of fermentative diarrhea and consequently of cholera infantum has already been described in this and the foregoing chapter. The important thing is to provide pure, clean, fresh milk and keep the milk well cooled from dairy to baby. In very hot weather hold the milk five minutes. And always give the baby all the cool water he desires.

Treatment. The treatment of fermentative diarrhea was described in the foregoing chapter. It is unwise to give any purge in cholera infantum—the child's life is already endangered by excessive purging. Castor oil is the ideal first aid for ordinary diarrhea because it sweeps out irritants, then binds the bowel; but only as first aid. If the mode of first aid treatment I described in the foregoing chapter for fermentative diarrhea fails to control the trouble in 12 hours, then the condition is serious enough to warrant immediate medical attention in every instance, or preferably hospital care.

**QUESTION SAND ANSWERS.**

**Best, I Have a Cracked Lip.**  
 I am a college student, 22 years old, and my lip is beginning to fall out. I think it is from heavy study.

**Answer—I used to try to put that one over myself. Son, if studying were the cause of loss of hair I would resemble a Siwash football star. Turn to the fyleaf of your Webster and take a glance at the word "study." It means to have sat up till 4:15 every morning studying, yet at his zenith you could have inverted him to make a fairly good mop. Give it a little massage every day—good exercise doing it. Send S. A. E. for directions, care of the hair.**

**Fit to Fight.**  
 What line of exercise do you consider best for a person 40 years of age who spends eight hours a day, more or less, sitting at a desk. I am about twenty pounds overweight for my height, and in recent years I have grown a small but hopeful corporation. (George W. S.)

**Answer—George, swipe an envelope and a stamp from the old man, neatly write your name and address on it, and inclose it in another (which you had better furnish yourself) addressed to me, care this paper. Repeat your tragic story and I'll send you the Brady Symptom. This medicine I take myself, and save for the sympathy I am sure I'd be in as desperate condition as you are. But by playing it over for 15 minutes or so every evening, in evening dress, I keep fit to fight all the time and I would not hesitate to meet any man of my class if I could have the choice of weapons, which would naturally be bricks.**

**What's In a Name?**

BY MILDRED MARSHALL  
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**Faith.**  
 From a biblical source comes the charming Faith, which sprang into popular usage during the vogue of Puritanism. The prevalence of appellatives which denoted abstruse virtues marked the beginning of Puritanism in England and many such names came under the ban from other classes because of the widespread dislike of the "Round Heads."

But the simple beauty of Faith, as well as the divine virtue for which the name was symbol, kept her popularity undimmed. For was she not one of the trio whom St. Paul recommended to the Corinthians, saying: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

The Puritans brought Faith to New England when they migrated from their native land and the name has been universally popular there, at the same time spreading to the other sections of the country. It is one of the few feminine appellatives which cannot be contracted.

The pearl is Faith's talismanic gem. It is a fitting symbol of purity for its wearer who will possess enviable charm and affability and have many friends. Wednesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young girl only 19 years old, but, oh, so miserable I don't know what to do.

I have been going with a certain fellow, older than I am, and we are engaged. We got along just fine at first, but a certain girl who used to be my friend has been sending messages to my sweetheart and remarking that she would "bust us up" because she wanted him for herself. He called her up and she asked him to come down there, although she had never seen him. He went to see her a few minutes several times and was late coming to see me. I told him if he ever went to see her again he need not come to see me any more.

He knew I was jealous and he went away again. Mamma said he couldn't come to see me if he went to see her, and so we were angry for three weeks. He came down home then and found I was not angry any longer and so now he is coming back and wants me to marry him right away.

I don't want to now as he may not be true to me, but he says he will. He is all alone in the world and I love him well enough to live with him, I am sure.

My mother tells me she never thought about anything but getting married after she was 16. My father is dead, but he loved mamma until he died. She didn't love him, though. I said she was wanting to be married again but she knows if she does there will be a big fuss, as we all hate the man she likes. He is no good.

Would you advise me to go ahead and get married? I really do love him and he has plenty of property and money which his father left him. He is a traveling salesman now, but to please me he is going to do something else so he can be home oftener.

**Frederic Haskin's Letter**  
 (Special Contributor of The Argus.)

**Keep Cool.**

Washington, D. C., July 9.—Al- siesta and to reduce his exposure to the sun in every way possible, because he has this hot summer all the year around, and he would not survive if he did not take these precautions. But the native of the United States has not contended with a tropical climate only three months in the year, and his habits are formed in the other nine months. Furthermore, he is the slave of an ideal of hard work. In this country we believe that if a man will only work hard enough he can accomplish anything, and that to be deliberately idle any considerable part of the time is little short of criminal. Both of these articles of the national creed would perhaps stand a little revision. As a matter of fact, what a man can accomplish depends on a great deal more than the endowment nature gave him on the number of hours he works per day. Some of the greatest achievements have been by men who worked only a few hours a day. Also the leisure to reflect, read and observe, is just as necessary as strenuous effort to any worth while development.

But the fact remains that we are a nation of drudges. There are few of us who can loaf during what is commonly considered a working hour without feeling guilty.

Now this strenuous activity, whatever its philosophical value, is at least compatible with health on a brisk fall day or a mild spring one, but on a broiling summer day it is enormously wasteful of human energy and even human life. In this country practically no activity is suspended on account of the heat. The midday rest, which has been found so necessary to the endurance of intense heat everywhere in the tropics, is unheard of in this country.

**Hot Spells Deadly.**  
 Just consider for a moment the spectacle of a typical American city during a heat wave—New York for example. All activities go on just as usual; the streets are scarcely less crowded than at any other time. Every day's papers reports a few deaths and many prostrations. And the cases reported in the papers are about a fraction of the whole. How many aged and weak persons die during heat spells, not directly of sun stroke, but indirectly of the effect of the heat, will never be known. And the deaths and prostrations are a small part of the loss. Suicide rates run high during these spells. We are literally driven mad by the heat. And here again the striking climaxes are only as a drop in a bucket to the suffering which reaches no dramatic conclusion and does not get into the papers. Men and women wear out their tempers and their bodies, lose weight and self control, make mistakes and have quarrels that would never occur under normal conditions.

And animals are spared no more than men. During a hot spell in New York you will see horses down in the street, with drivers pouring buckets of cold water over them half a dozen times in a day, and you will see a good many dead horses, too.

The fact of the matter is that a hot spell is a very trying and difficult experience for any warm blooded animal. It is not a thing to disregard. It calls for precaution and self restraint. You seldom hear of heat prostrations or sun strokes in tropical countries, because the people there have learned how to keep cool. Wild animals do not die of the heat, because they have sense enough to keep out of it. In a wilderness a hot day nothing moves during the height of the sun except a few lizards and other cold blooded reptiles. You must go abroad before sunrise and after sunset if you would see the wild things.

As we began by saying, it is only the American variety of the human species that has not sense enough to avoid the heat. If a midday heat of rest during the summer could be established in this country by presidential proclamation, or an act of congress, if factories would close and work cease from 12 to 3, the work of the nation would be better done and life would be saved.

**Heat and Hard Work.**  
 The Latin-American in a tropical country has learned to take his

recesses from his bondage and there was a remittance of debt. During this year there was no sowing, no reaping nor even gathering of grapes. The design of the institution was to prevent the growth of an oligarchy of land owners and a total impoverishment of some families.

**Q. When was the greatest fire?**  
 W. T.

**Q. In point of number of lives lost, the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. ranks first with 1,100,000. The fire in San Francisco, April 18, 1906, following an earthquake, destroyed the greatest amount of property, which was valued at \$500,000,000.**

**Q. How long were United States troops in Vera Cruz?**  
 R. I. L.  
 Our troops entered Vera Cruz on April 21, 1914, and remained until Nov. 20, 1914.

**Q. What is the moving plant?**  
 R. G. N.

**Q. This is a plant native to East India and is remarkable for reason of the motion of its leaves. These are arranged in groups of three, the lateral leaflets are smaller than the terminal one. These lateral leaflets are in constant motion, being elevated by a succession of jerks and then falling downward by similar rapid jerks. The motion is not rapid, but the jerks are so frequent that the terminal leaflet does not appear to move, but its movements are quite those of the other.**

**Q. How many railroads are there in the United States?**  
 C. H. J.

**A. There are 1,287 railroads of sufficient importance to be listed. This does not include several small roads that make no connection with other lines.**

**Q. What are the Apostles' Spoons?**  
 W. L.

**A. These are spoons in sets of 12, the handles of which are formed by images of the Twelve Apostles and the Virgin Mary. These spoons were once favorite christening gifts. Complete sets are now quite rare and in 1904 such a set was sold in London for 4,900 pounds sterling.**

**Q. Was Stephen A. Douglas a slave holder?**  
 H. M.

**A. In midsummer of 1850, Douglas wrote a letter to the Illinois State Register, in which he said that it was true that his wife owned about one hundred and fifty negroes in Mississippi on a cotton plantation. They were given her by her father, who had previously offered them to Douglas. The property belonged to his wife exclusively and he had no rights whatever in it.**

**Q. What was the year of jubilee?**  
 A. G. C.

**A. This was an institution ordained for the Hebrews in ancient times, by which every 50th year the land was to be left fallow. It was passed on to the Christians by the original owners, who were to let the land lie fallow for 50 years. All who had been reduced to poverty and obliged to hire themselves out as servants were to be freed at the end of the 50th year.**

**Argus Information Bureau**

(Any reader who gets the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. No brief. All inquiries confidential, the responses sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

**THE DAILY SHORT STORY**

**MISS SOPHRONA'S HALL.**  
 (Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)  
 By Susan F. Hayford.

Miss Sophronia Higgins was 41 and looked it, and knew that she looked it; but, as this eventful May day afternoon she sat in the little front room and looked back down the years of her youth, she knew that of all days this was the happiest.

For the first time the thrill of real adventure was hers. She was to spend the summer at "Seaside Hotel," and, moreover, as the owner of it. Seating herself before the organ in the corner, she started to pick out a ragtime song that she had heard at the moving pictures the week before. The effect was incongruous and utterly absurd, but still she kept on with the sweet abandonment born of her new authority until the elder Miss Higgins' admiring, "Why Sophronia," came from the doorway.

A week before she had expected to go on with the same life as the last 40 years had held till the very day that brought her the letter from a lawyer in the city telling that she was the owner of Seaside by the will of her late uncle, Jereb Higgins.

Miss Sophronia had not been to the seashore since she was at the pleasure age, and excitement was new to her in the little inland village where she had always lived.

Seaside was to go on the same as ever, and she had that very day completed the arrangements with the Westley as proprietor, and he was to attend to everything. Her presence there as owner was not to be known to anyone at the hotel save to that suspicious person himself.

One came and went with little comment at the Seaside except to Miss Higgins. The season had been long and the guests few, but there were rare days when she and the Westley man of the village, Mr. Westley Higgins, looked and conversed when the moon was bright over the water.

It was the first of July that Miss Sophronia looked in her glass and smiled at the unaccountable

of love. "And he says my eyes are beautiful," she reflected, as she worked at the telltale crows-feet with the new vanishing cream that Mrs. Winters, who passed for 40, had told her about.

But, notwithstanding the thrill of the new excitement and the softly modulated voice of her escort, there were moments when Miss Sophronia was sorely troubled, one reason for which being the pretty blue-eyed girl who presided at the Seaside piano. The other was the somewhat angular but sturdy form of Ezra Bascom, that had a peculiar way of appearing in her dreams of late.

For 15 years Ezra's brilliantly polished No. 9's had cropped the Higgin threshold on Sunday evenings, and every pleasant Wednesday evening had driven behind Ezra's handsome roan; but never a word of love had passed between them, though how many times he had faltered over the proper moment but Ezra himself could tell.

But what troubled Miss Sophronia was that she had promised to write, and after a week of Seaside distractions had forgotten, and had finally concluded that, as he knew her address, it was his place to write first. So matters went on.

July brought its usual flock of vacationists and the man of the orange tie was greatly in demand. Miss Sophronia noted this and considered his usefulness one of his most admirable qualities. Still there were hours that he stole away to entertain her and escort her wherever she wished to go, while at the time the blue-eyed pianist cast tender glances at him, while her cheeks grew pale under the demands of Seaside guests.

The season was to close the second week in September, and the last of August her customers having been more heavy than usual of late, Miss Sophronia sent a picture of her to Ezra, and in the return mail a letter, and a really good one, in return. To her mind it was a precious one, and she could not help but think it to be from Ezra. The letter was from Ezra, and she could not help but think it to be from Ezra.

With sudden determination she arose and began to pack. Two weeks later, back in her little parlor, Miss Sophronia was planning for the new house, and as she planned her fingers were busy on a long white silk gown. Only one thing troubled her. She wanted to be married, and she knew it. She wanted to be married, and she knew it. She wanted to be married, and she knew it.

When the door closed with a loud click Miss Sophronia threw herself on the bed and gave vent to all the pent up tears. "If I only thought I knew," "This," meaning her affair with the man of the orange-tie, such a thing from Ezra was foolish and shocking, she knew, but still she crushed it to her burning cheeks.

That Mr. Harding Graves had been very attentive all summer could not be denied. "Half a beau," she had called him at first; then later she had concluded that he was an "almost beau." But of Higgins threshold on Sunday evenings, and every pleasant Wednesday evening had driven behind Ezra's handsome roan; but never a word of love had passed between them, though how many times he had faltered over the proper moment but Ezra himself could tell.

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July brought its usual flock of vacationists and the man of the orange tie was greatly in demand. Miss Sophronia noted this and considered his usefulness one of his most admirable qualities. Still there were hours that he stole away to entertain her and escort her wherever she wished to go, while at the time the blue-eyed pianist cast tender glances at him, while her cheeks grew pale under the demands of Seaside guests.

The season was to close the second week in September, and the last of August her customers having been more heavy than usual of late, Miss Sophronia sent a picture of her to Ezra, and in the return mail a letter, and a really good one, in return. To her mind it was a precious one, and she could not help but think it to be from Ezra. The letter was from Ezra, and she could not help but think it to be from Ezra.

With sudden determination she arose and began to pack. Two weeks later, back in her little parlor, Miss Sophronia was planning for the new house, and as she planned her fingers were busy on a long white silk gown. Only one thing troubled her. She wanted to be married, and she knew it. She wanted to be married, and she knew it. She wanted to be married, and she knew it.